

party will do most for this city and its people, and cast their ballots accordingly, without fear or favor, the result cannot help but be good.

"WALTER J. FRAZIER.

"Salt Lake, Oct. 23, 1905."

JERRY SIMPSON.

The erratic Jerry is gone. Kindly, sincere, belligerent, uttering furious words for the sake of principle, but neutralizing all he said by his native good-heartedness. For a long time he held the country's attention, and kept people wondering whether he was a meteor or an ignis fatuus. He went up like a rocket, and though he did not fall like a stick, all the blue and red fires of his composition were burned out before he reached level ground. It can hardly be said that he represented Kansas in Congress, but rather the atmosphere of Kansas. When his morning was sunny there was no telling what kind of a cyclone would come out of his southwest by sundown; when the twister had passed, no one could anticipate how sweet and sunny and how filled with the songs of birds his next morning would be. He was never great, but he gave glimpses of greatness, and left the impression that while one parent must have been commonplace, the other must have cherished only great thoughts and high ideals.

All agree that he was an honest man, that he was an intense patriot, and that could he have carried out all that was in his soul, he would have been a second Ben-Ahau.

Kansas should build him a monument, and cherish with everlasting tenderness his grave.

HORATIO NELSON.

The men of England celebrated the memory of Admiral Viscount Horatio Nelson on the centennial of his death, Oct. 21st. Well they might. "Men are nothing, a man is everything," is a saying that in Lord Nelson's case had a most direct application. Trafalgar was his greatest victory. The tragedy and pathos of his death just when the guns of the great battle were roaring in victory gave a special emphasis to his name, but his greatest fight was Aboukir. That fixed his status as the very foremost of admirals; it disarranged Napoleon's plans as they had never been disturbed before; it fixed the place of Great Britain as the foremost of naval powers; it gave Great Britain a prestige on the sea which still holds. Figured in dollars, it was worth to England a thousand millions, in fame it was above all estimation. For years the dauntless and tireless man roamed the seas, seeking the foes of his country; he fought battle after battle; he lost an arm in one, an eye in another, and every one was a victory for him except Copenhagen. But there, though really defeated, and in imminent danger, by his dauntless bearing, he never permitted the enemy to know their vantage, and really bore away the honors of the fight. He was not a perfect man; in time of peace the fire and the dare-devil in his nature were prone to find vent in some way, but he was a perfect sailor, and a hero that in his day had no peer on the sea. When Napoleon had all continental Europe in his grasp, Nelson had every important post blockaded—he was the Eagle of the sea, even as Napoleon was the Eagle of the land. For a hundred years his dust has been resting under the dome of old St. Paul, "whose bells are never tolled save when a regal soul has fled;" a hundred years, but it does not seem to men that he has been dead so long. Whenever any tale of splendor comes in from the ocean, men think at once of Nelson; sailors, when they reach London, go out to Trafalgar Square to salute his statue on its column there, and when Englishmen read or hear of some marvelous achievement on the sea, and hear it compared to Trafalgar or the Nile, they shake their heads incredulously, and the look upon their

faces is one of half scorn and half pity, that any other man should be compared to their great admiral. A more dauntless soul never gave glory to a quarter deck, and his valor was backed by a battle genius which made him invincible. He has been the inspiration of sailors for a century, and will be for many centuries more, as long as the English language is spoken, as long as nations depend upon armies and fleets for defense.

JAMES O. REBER.

It was pitiful that James O. Reber should die just when life was sweetest to keep, young, handsome, loved by all who knew him, his home life an ideal one, in that home loved and loving with an intensity all encompassing, when he had everything to live for, when his life was so much to others, it was pitiful that he should die. God rest his soul; may God's compassion surround his little stricken family.

MRS. MARTHA SPENCER.

The children and grand children of Mrs. Martha Spencer grieve exceedingly over her death and the multitude that were proud of her friendship join in the sorrow. She was almost fourscore, and for many years has been a great sufferer; death was surely the ushering in of a great rest to her; but, still, to those of her own household, the truth of all this does not lessen their affliction. She was the mother and grandmother, her life was devoted to them; every day of their lives they have seen her and heard her voice, and for the time at least they are comfortless.

A very noble woman was Mrs. Spencer. She was a resident of this city for fifty years or more, she lived a shining example of perfect womanhood; as wife and mother and friend and neighbor she drew all hearts to her, and the sunny cheerfulness of her nature shone out above the weight of years and the tortures of disease. She fulfilled every duty of life; the peace that has come to her is hers of right.

NEW CABLE.

The Commercial Cable Company has laid a seventh cable across the Atlantic. This one is from Canso, Nova Scotia, to Waterville, Ireland. The combined capacity of these cables is fourteen messages at a time. This cable is 2,300 miles long and cost from \$1000 to \$6000 per mile. At the shore ends it is very heavy, across the Newfoundland banks it is of medium weight, in mid-ocean, where the sea is three miles deep, where the anchors of no ships can reach it, and where in the depths there is everlasting calm, it is light. Atlantic cables are always laid from west to east because of the prevailing winds in summer. While the ship was paying out the cable in mid-ocean it was struck by a hurricane, though there was perfect calm on both shores of the Atlantic. In making the cable 1,411,000 pounds of copper, 799,688 pounds of gutta-percha, 16,845,000 pounds of brass tape, jute yarn, iron wire and preservative compound were used. It was constructed by the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Company of London, and was four months in building.

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